

A Dire Situation

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Summary: When nature calls, will Gordon be able to answer it?

A Dire Situation

****A dire situation****

Gordon Freeman ran down the war torn streets to a safer location. A Stryder was on his tail and it was bigger, and faster than he was. Obviously. Freeman jumped into an abandoned building just as the Stryder opened fire. The rounds tore through the front of the building forcing Freeman to go deeper.

The deeper Freeman went into the building, the darker it got. He activated his flashlight and looked for any threats. Shotgun raised at the ready, he walked cautiously through a hallway. He then tripped over something and fell on his face.

"Hey this is my hidin spot! Get your own!" a familiar voice yelled.

"Barney?" Gordon asked.

"Ah shit, uhh, hey Gordon, hows it goin?" Barney Calhoun asked.

"Cant complainâ€|hey wait, what the hell are you doing here?"

"I was tired and thought I'd take a quick nap, the fight'll still be there when I wake up."

Gordon stared at his friend.

"Hey! You try workin for the Resistance and tryin to keep you cover with CP, it's a tiring job!"

Gordon shook his head and sat down across from Barney, who produced a

canteen and took a swig, then handed it to his friend.

"So, where's Alyx, you two've been gettin awfully close here lately." Barney said.

Gordon took drank deep and coughed, "What the hell is this?" he asked.

"Russian vodka, left over from the second world war, found it when I had to go to City 13, where Moscow used to be."

"Why are carrying this around in combat?" Gordon asked, bewildered.

"I fight better when I have a little buzz goin." He said.

"You and your liquor." Gordon joked.

"At least I don't owe you a beer anymore." Barney said.

The two men talked, drank and joked for few hours, listening to the sounds of combat, until suddenly, "Uh oh."

Barney glanced at Gordon, "Uh oh."

They both sat in silence until the loud sound of a gurgling stomach was heard.

"Please tell me you're hungry?" Barney asked.

Gordon shook his head, "No I had some headcrab this morningâ€¦oh no."

"If you need a bathroom your outta luck, there aint one in this place."

"But I gotta go!" Gordon yelled.

"Don't think about it." Barney suggested.

They sat in the darkness for another thirty minutes.

"Ok, now I _really_ gotta go."

"Christ man, your worse than a two year old!"

Gordon jumped up, and ran down the hallway, Barney just watched. A few seconds later he ran past Barney and toward the other side of the hallway. Then he ran back and sat down.

"This is not good." He panted.

"What did you do in Black Mesa?" Barney asked.

Gordon stared, "Iâ€¦don'tâ€¦know." He said.

"What?"

"I never gave it much thought; I was too busy staying alive."

Another gurgle, and Gordon leaned over, "Ohhhhh man this bad."

"If I don't find a bathroom fast I'm gonnaâ€¦nevermind."

Barney looked at him suspiciously, "Your gonna what."

"I dontâ€¦have toâ€¦go nowâ€¦"

"Did you just do what I think you did?" Barney asked.

Gordon just stared at him.

"Dude, your sick."

End
file.